

Thunderstorms

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Summary: So this concept has been run into the ground but I had to write it. Astrid is alone and there is a thunderstorm and she has revolutions.

Thunderstorms

**I had this idea the other night before I left for Texas with a load of hay for American Fellowship of Cowboy Churches (also Texas Fellowship of Cowboy Churches). Send me a message and I will let you know more about it if you are interested. **

That actually has nothing to do with the story other than it came to me whilst I was trying to go to sleep before my Alabama to Texas and home again trip. Well as we all know Texas is absolutely void of rain right now and need hay for their cattle meanwhile we are about to drown in Alabamaâ€¦at least we were yesterday. There were thunderstorms that I swear I was out in five seconds and it looked like someone tossed me in the creek. Well there was the inspiration for it, anyway on to the story.

Astrid was asleep soundly on her and Hiccup's bed. Hiccup had been on a trip for a while and had yet to return home. Astrid curled under the warm fur blankets and squinched her eyes shut. The thunder and lightning crashed in the sky. She would give anything for him to be beside her right now. He was the only one who understood her fear of the storms. She was never scared of them before Hiccup's fight with the Red Death.

Now every time lightning struck she could see the giant dragon's silhouette. Every time she heard thunder she heard the great beast's roar. It struck fear to her core because every time there was any time interval between the thunder and lightning she kept seeing Hiccup lifeless in his father's arms. It was absolute torture to the strong warrior that she was.

The thunder crashed again outside and Astrid curled in on herself again, thinking Thor had something against her for torturing her like this when her husband was away. Astrid found herself whimpering, curled in a tight ball fists clenched against her ears trying to drown out the noise of the rumbling thunder. She knew that thunder couldn't harm her but the visions she got with the sound were enough to be classified as harm.

Astrid felt warm tears wetting her cheeks and realized she was crying. She didn't like crying it stuffed her up, made her look puffy, and moreover she couldn't breathe well. Almost as soon as she thought that her throat closed up and her nose started to pour like the rain against the shutters to the windows, making it nigh impossible to breathe.

She gasped and curled up again as a piercing roaring thunder erupted around the Chief's lodge. Poor Astrid was so stricken in fear she couldn't move other than to sob at the memories that plagued her with each pattering raindrop.

"Ohh, Hiccupâ€|where are you?" she sobbed. Her eyes shut tightly trying to block the flash of the lightning outside.

A crooning filled the room after the thunder died down. Astrid shot up in the bed and saw her husband standing there soaked and still in one pieceâ€|well as much of one piece as when he left her. She leaped out of bed and hugged him close not caring that he was soaked and was getting her own nightclothes wet.

"It's okay, Astrid," he crooned. "I am here now." He pulled her tighter and pulled her face up and kissed her passionately. He tasted of rain and she tasted of home. They filled each other's senses and delighted in each other's touch. They were both home.

"I missed you so much," Hiccup said, holding her tightly in his arms as they sat on the bed.

"I missed you too," Astrid murmured, hiding her face in his chest and trying to hide her soft side too. He curled his arms around her in understanding. Hiccup always understood. It was almost unfair how much he understood her and she wasâ€|well Astrid. She understood war and battle; not feelings, not emotions, and certainly not fear. But Hiccup always understood. He understood her fear, her feelings, her emotions, everything she didn't understand about herself. And yet he understood the parts she knew about herself and the parts she had yet to completely discover.

"Hiccupâ€|How do you do that?" she asked, glancing up at him.

"Do what?" he asked as, stroking her hair.

"How do you understand me?" she asked, "How do you understand me better than I do?" Hiccup smiled and pressed his lips to her forehead again.

"It's my job," Hiccup said, "I love you and I am supposed to know you and be able to comfort you." He cupped her cheek and pressed his forehead close to hers their noses dancing against each other.

"Well it makes me feel kinda bad," she said.

"Why?" he asked, stroking her hair.

"Well it feels as if I don't have that same advantage over you. It feels as if I don't understand you like thatâ€¦that I can't comfort you the way you do for me," Astrid said, turning away from him. Suddenly a clap of thunder rattled the house. Astrid jumped and wrapped her arms around Hiccup burying her face in Hiccup's chest. He hugged her close.

"It's okay, Astrid. I'm here," he whispered.

"I know," she murmured, "but I am scared. I am always scared when the thunderstorms come and you aren't here."

"I know," he said kissing her forehead. "But I'm here now." Astrid nodded into Hiccup's chest again her tears trickling softer now down her cheeks.

"It's justâ€¦every time I see lightning or hear thunder I relive that day," she murmured, "It's like going through hell to think I lost you." Hiccup started rocking her back and forth. He kissed her softly. Shudders of distress and sadness wracked her body.

"Easy Astrid, it's all over now," Hiccup crooned, "Nothings gonna hurt me. Not with you here to always protect me," he laughed. Astrid smiled after Toothless grumbled in response.

"You better not forget your dragon," she said smiling. Toothless shook his head.

"Yeah," he agreed, "Can't forget fish breath over there."

"I love you," Astrid muttered.

"I love you, too," Hiccup whispered, kissing her. "Don't worry. The thunderstorms are going to end soon."

Well there it is from thunderstorms in Alabama to thunderstorms in Berk. I swear I am so tired of rain and thunderstorms. I just thought that might be a tramatic experience for Astrid and it's nice to see a human side to the tough warrior. Or at least that's what my mom says. I am like Astrid (that's what a lot of people call me now) and so I didn't see it but I tried it anyway. R&R.

End
file.